

For Thanksgiving

Mince Pies
Fruit Cake
Doughnuts

The Day We
Celebrate

ACCESSORIES TO THE TURKEY

You Must Use
EXPANSION FLOUR

YOUR GROCER HAS IT

OF COURSE

Was First Kaiser.
Charlemagne was the first person to assume the name of kaiser.

Mottled Teeth Is Newest Disease.
Announcement of data on a recently discovered unnamed disease of the teeth, affecting only people in certain localities, was made today by Dr. Frederick S. McKay of Colorado Springs, Colo., before the Panama-Pacific dental congress. Doctor McKay read a paper written in collaboration with Dr. G. V. Black of Chicago, who died recently, and based on their joint research.

Cost of Wet Weather.
Wet weather is an expensive summer diversion, as the people of Kansas have proved to their sorrow. The state board of agriculture figures that there was a loss of 17,000,000 bushels of wheat during the month of August from this cause. That means at least \$15,000,000 deducted from the state's farm income and brings the Kansas wheat yield below 100,000,000 bushels. The abandoned area is placed at 20 per cent of last fall's seeding, whereas the loss in area figured on May 1 was only 3.5 per cent of the fall seeding. A wet July ruined many a prime prospect.—Wall Street Journal.

To Remain Unsettled.
Engineers say that among the things that will never be settled are the following: Whether a long screw-driver is better than a short one of the same family; whether water wheels run faster at night than they do in the daytime; the best way to harden steel; which side of the belt should run next the pulley, and the right way to lace belts.

That Ought to Cure Her.
A man out West, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! How I do wish he had not died!"

HOW TO PREVENT CROUP.

It may be a surprise to you to learn that in many cases croup can be prevented. Mrs. H. M. Johns, Elida, Ohio, relates her experiences as follows: "My little boy is subject to croup. During the past winter I kept a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, and when he began having that croupy cough I would give him one or two doses of it and it would break the attack. I like it better for children than any other cough medicine because children take it willingly, and it is safe and reliable." Obtainable everywhere. d&w.

Sheep Made Much Trouble.
The exploits of the proverbial bull in the china shop have been emulated, if not surpassed, by the raid of a sheep on the Rugby (Eng.) branch of Lloyd's bank. The sheep dashed into the rear of the bank premises, with two drovers in hot pursuit. Gaining entrance to the kitchen, it made a terrific clatter among the pots and pans, and then leaped through a window and turned on a water tap. The drovers were capsize in the struggle which ensued, and the sheep booted through another door and got into the main office. A dozen bank clerks, aided by rulers, induced the animal to return to the kitchen, where it was eventually cornered, trussed up, and ignominiously carried away, after having kept the bank staff busy for nearly two hours.

When Rug Curls.
When small rugs curl, grate beeswax or spermaceti over the underside of the rug at the corners and press with a warm iron. This tends to stiffen the corners and in no way will the wax or spermaceti injure the floor, since it soaks into the coarse threads of the rug.

Gave Wife a Shock.
"As near as I can make out," said the physician, "your wife seems to have experienced a sudden shock of some kind." "I guess that's right," replied the husband. "I got home before 12 o'clock last night."—Indianapolis Star.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST

By WAYNE CUNNINGHAM.

It was six miles from the railway station, Maud had written; just a pleasant little hike along the shore road until you came to Turtle Isle. Kate regarded the shore road appreciatively. The air blew freshly in from the sound and the water broke on the beach in long, lazy rolls. Three whole days to spend on a tiny island off the Connecticut shore, three days of driftwood and marshmallow parties. Maud said there were quite a number of the art colony left still, so she would not be lonesome.

"You'll like them all excepting Fallows. He's perfectly hopeless when it comes to sociability. George says he's all right among the men, but he doesn't like women. Can't even bear them near him. I wonder who hurt him, Kate?"

Kate's conscience was clear. She had met Hartley Fallows back in town at a few affairs the past year. Once he had stood next her at the preliminary reception to a dinner at the Waldorf in honor of some notable party, and she had noticed a long curly blonde hair on his black coat. Blessed with a sense of humor, she had said very gently, "She has blonde hair, hasn't she, Mr. Fallows?"

And he had turned horribly red and looked very distant and embarrassed, even while he plucked off the blonde hair. But he did not cast it from him. He wound it absently around one finger and stuck it in his pocket. Such things change a man's whole life.

It was just sunset when she came to the island. There was a flat-bottomed boat drawn up handily on the sandy shore. She called Maud over and over, then George, but neither appeared. Sisters and brother-in-law are among the uncertain quantities of life, but they had at least left the boat. She pushed it off into the water and rowed over to the island.

Deserted it was, and the little house also, but the door was hospitably ajar, and she found everything within in order. Out in the little pantry she found the remains of some cold boiled lobster and made herself a pot of tea. With a supper tray beside her, she slipped out of the traveling suit into a short skirt and middie, dragged a steamer chair out on the porch and sat down to enjoy herself. As the last gleam of sunset died from the sky she frowned off restfully, curled up in the big chair.

Perhaps it was the striking of the match that awakened her. Something hid, and she sat up, startled and bewildered for the moment. Somebody was moving around inside and whispering.

"Oh, George, are you home?" she called. "Is Maud there?"

Dead silence. She stood up, listening. A figure came out of the living room, the figure of a man, and she felt he was as thoroughly amazed as herself.

"I'm not George," he said. "I think there's some mistake. I am Fallows." "But where's George, Mr. Crane and my sister?" Kate put her hand up to her cheek. "They expected me tonight and I can't find them. I—I was awfully tired and fell asleep."

"I see you did. I expect Mr. Crane's over on Turtle Island, about a quarter of a mile farther along the shore. This is my island. Just wait until I get a light and we can see."

He struck a match and lit a lamp. It was Hartley Fallows. And, eddily enough, instead of thinking about Maud and George's worry over her, she remembered it had been a blonde hair.

"I say, if the trip's too much for you up there, I'll row over and send George back with Mr. Crane to stay here with you, and we'll bunk up there."

"I'd much rather. I wouldn't feel so—so sort of evicted, don't you know. It would almost seem as if I had been welcome. I think it's bad luck to move so soon after you're settled, don't you?"

It was three weeks later when they broke camp for the city. There had been a last bonfire of driftwood on Turtle Island, and Kate lingered beside it with Fallows after the others had gone up to one of Maud's chafing-dish surprises. He had grown almost human, Maud said, had come to see them every day and sometimes twice, and Kate's dark eyes held a new look these days.

"Was I such a bear that first night?" he asked.

"Goldenhair should expect a bear when she comes unannounced," she answered. "Only I haven't golden hair."

"I love brown hair," he said dreamily. "Gypsy hair."

"The other was blonde, remember." She lifted her face teasingly, yet half in earnest, and Fallows took his

chance. "It belonged to my little niece, Betty Fallows. Oh, and you have held that against me—Kate, Kate—"

Maud came to the door in the glow of light and called:

"Aren't you two ever coming up?"

It's all read.

"Kate, I'm glad you do care, don't you?"

Kate laid her hand on Maud's shoulder. "I'm glad you do care, don't you?"

Hartley, she said. (Copyright, 1914, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

In the Park. Is there any one there?

SAW POLAR BEARS

Passengers on sailing camera Report on hole P. K. floating ce.

Besides the scenes of war scenes brought in by every ocean liner, the Scandinavia-American steamship Frederick I. has an assortment of iceberg tales. The passengers averred at least so as of them did, that they saw dozens and dozens of bears on the Grand Banks, and that a very tall, thin, and very old man, the unsuited base of one of the large polar bears playing folk.

Apparently the bears, some of which were not altogether white and thus might have been just semipalmated, had the impression that they were their way to some place instead of just playing ring around the rose.

Being a neutral ship, unarmed, the Frederick VIII could not do any bear shooting. Some camera bearers took snapshots, but no camera bearer caught a bear. Maybe that is why the camera men suspected that the passengers who told the bear stories did not confine themselves to the bear facts.

BEST SEARCHLIGHT IN USE

One Employed in United States Navy Said to Be Superior to Any Other Kind.

Government tests are reported to have shown that a new type of searchlight now used on the largest searchlight in service in the United States Navy is manifestly superior to any other type of searchlight heretofore developed for this purpose.

Instead of being made of silver surfaced glass, the parabola consists of a bronze casting electroplated with gold. This form of construction seen to have a number of important points in favor of it.

Silver is always subjected to corrosion, while gold is not. Furthermore, the optical properties of gold reflecting surfaces are superior to those of silver in that the gold rays penetrate thick, foggy atmospheres much more efficiently than does light reflected by a silver mirror.—Popular Mechanics.

It Lacks the Punch.

Imported Limburger cheese, that fragrant viand whose slightest whiff causes strong men to turn away, has been bottled up in Germany by the British embargo and thousands of German-Americans are inconsolable. Here in this country the factories are turning out a cheese which is called Limburger, but although it is reminiscent of the winter quarters of a menagerie and suggests the recently vacated kitchen of a Chinese boarding house, it still lacks the essential punch. Real Limburger must instantly recall a tanyard in July or a private drain pipe of a fertilizing studio.

American Limburger is lacking in both particulars. One of the most reprehensible features of the American product is its complete inertia. Where the old cheese, over a level surface and with favorable winds, could travel half a block over night, the 1915 model barely stirs. Even in hot weather, which used to send the imported article skidding on its way, the substitute just trembles violently and sticks around. It is entirely unemotional—it has no temperament.—New York Telegram.

Prehistoric Irrigation Project.

The Mareb project in Yemen, Arabia, in the very beginnings of irrigation, boasted a dam two miles long and 120 feet high, built of immense hewn blocks of stone; which we must admit was a bigger engineering task than Elephant Butte. The Mareb dam held back the waters of a stream fed by 70 tributaries, and stood the strain for 2,000 years. But it burst at last, and with appalling results. That is the difference. Or one difference. These dams of ours are built for all time, and in record time; how long it took, how many men working under what pressure to erect that Arabian wonder we don't know, but we have reason for believing that present day structures of the kind are erected by infinitely fewer men and in far less time, and with the permanency of the abutting hills.—Christian Herald.

MONDAY MILLINERY SPECIALS



On Monday, November 22nd, we will make a

SPECIAL
REDUCTION

on all the Millinery in our large and varied stock.

One lot of very pretty Hats, the latest style, in the new trimmings. This lot formerly sold for \$8.00 and \$9.00. Special price, Saturday only

\$5.00

Another lot—very good values at \$4.00 to \$6.00. Monday only

\$2.00

BURR-BURGESS

MILLINERY

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

Flying War Horse.
A correspondent of the Milan "Corriere della Sera" reports the following story:

"An Italian lieutenant recently rode through one of the villages on the Isonzo front. He dismounted before the temporary quarters of the commander of his regiment and tied his horse to a tree. When he entered the house he heard the humming noise of a large Austrian shell and a moment later a terrible explosion followed. The shell had struck a small building on the opposite side of the street. A dense cloud of smoke and dust rose at 1 when it disappeared the horse of the officer was gone."

The air pressure caused by the explosion had lifted the animal from the ground and thrown it on the flat roof of a nearby house, where it was found almost unhurt. It was no easy job to get the horse to the street again, as this could only be accomplished with the aid of a large crane."

Washrag's Turn to Go.

Washrag! The washrag must go. The United States public health service agency has so decided. It must follow the towel, the drinking cup, the hairbrush and the habit of kissing. We knew it was coming. Next we expect that an embargo will be placed on shaking hands and on the use of straps for the stand-ups in street cars. After they have once been handled, they will have to be destroyed. There might be a wandering germ that would locate on somebody's palm, you know. With all our fads, and fancies, are we any healthier than our forbears were? Do we live longer? Do we bring up better children? Are we better ourselves physically or morally? But what's the use?—Leslie's.

Boy Wins War Cross.

Gustav Chaton, fourteen years old, who is just out of the Brest hospital, has been awarded a cross for valiant service in the French army. Because of his age Minister Millerand has decided he is too young to fight and has ordered him back to his family. Chaton is recognized as the youngest soldier in the French army. Chaton left his home in Fontainebleau in August, 1914. He was told he was too young to enlist, but he followed a regiment of infantry and managed to stay with it. He took part in the Marne and Aisne battles. At Fontenoy, despite the fact he was shot through the shoulder, he managed to capture two Germans. Later he was badly wounded in the knee.

The Time Is Coming.

O, mother, please, mother, come home with me now; the afternoon's slipping by fast; you said you were coming right home from the polls as soon as your ballot was cast.

Poor father came home for his dinner at noon, and not a mouthful to eat could he find; and the words he let out as he slammed the front door, left a strong smell of brimstone behind.—Indianapolis Star.

Franco-Prussian Losses.
Block, in his book, the "Future of War," gives the French losses in the war of 1870-71 as follows: 310,449 prisoners, 21,430 killed in battle; dying from wounds, 14,398. He does not give the German losses, but in killed and wounded the losses were about equal between the two armies.

Hair Singed by Lightning.
A remarkable escape was experienced recently by a young man in Stirlingshire, Scotland. He chanced to be out on a moor in the Killearn district during a thunderstorm. He was bareheaded, and during the heavy rainfall his hair got soaked. While crossing the moor his hair was badly singed by a flash of lightning, but otherwise he escaped injury.

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Chickasha, Okla.

New Way Shoe Shop

LET US FIX YOUR
SHOES

on our new up-to-date machinery.

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520 Chickasha Ave,

SUGG THEATRE

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
November 20th and 21st

"The Masked Substitute"

Two reel drama featuring Gloria Fonda, winner of the Washington State Universal Beauty Contest.
"ANIMATED WEERLY"—Latest News of Interest.

"THE SILENT VOICE"

Francis X. Bushman and Marguerite Snow give impressive performance in this six reel drama.

Saturday
November 20th

Sunday,
November 21st

5c--10c